

A

Most pleasant

Comedy of *Mucedorus*
the Kings Son of *Valentia*,
and *Amadine* the Kings
Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Mouse*.

Amplified with new Additions,
as it was acted before the Kings Ma-
jesty at Whitehall, on Shrove-
sunday night.

By his Highness servants usually
playing at the *Globe*.

Very delectable and full of conceited mirth.



L O N D O N.

Printed for *Francis Coles*, and are to be sold
at his shop, at the half Bowl in the
Old Bailey.

A

Most pleasurable

Conveyer of pleasure



The Prologue.

Most Sacred Majesty, whose great deserts,
Thy subject England ; nay, the world admires :
Which heau'n grant still increase : O may your praise,
Multiplying with your hours, your fame still raise.
Embrace your Counsel : Love, with Faith them guide,
That both as one bench by the others side,
So may your life pass on, and run so even,
That your firm zeal plant you a Throne in Heaven :
Where smiling Angels shall your guardians be,
From blemish'd Traitors, stain'd with perjurie.
And as the Night's inferiour to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your sway.
Be as the Sun to Day, the Day to Night,
For from your beams Europa shal borrow light :
Mirth drown your bosome, fair Delight your mind,
And may our pastime your contentments finde.

Exit.

A 2

Ten



Ten Persons may easily play it.

The King and Romeo,

for one.

King Valentin,

for one.

Mucedorus the Prince of
Valencia,

for one.

Antelmo,

for one.

Emadine the Kings Daughter
of Aragon,

for one.

Beggar Noblement,

for one.

Envie, Tremelio a Captain,
Bremo, a Wild man,

for one.

Comedy, a Boy, an old Woman,

for one.

Magician, Academian, a maid,

for one.

Gullion, a Bookseller, a Messenger,

for one.

Acte

Mouse the Clown,

for one.

Acte

s A

A

A most pleasent Comedy of
Mucedorus the Kings Son of Valentia,
and Arminda the Kings Daughter
of Aragon.

Enter Comedy joyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

Why so thin do I hope to please ;
Musick servis, and mirth is tolerable ;
Comedy play thy part and please ;
Make merry them that come to joy with thee ;
Joy then Good Gentiles, I hope to make you.
Sound forth Bellone's silver tuned strings ;
Time fits us well, the day and place is come.

Enter Envy, his arms naked, besmeared with blood.
Envy. Nay stay, minion, stay, there lies a block ;
What all on mirth, Ile interrupt your tale,
And mix your musick with a Tragick end.

Comedy. What monstrous ugly hag is this,
That dares controll the pleasure of our will ?
Vaunt churlish Cut, besmeared with gore blood,
That seemst to cheare the blossoms of Delight,
And still the sound of sweet Bellone's breath,
Blush monster, blush, and post away with shame,
That seekst disturbance of a Goddess name.

Envy. Post hence thy selfe thou countercheckinge Triall,
I will possess this habile spight of thee,
And gain the glory of this wished Powre,
Ile thunder musick shall appale the Nymphs,
And make them shiver their clattering strings,
Flying for succour to their Danish Caves.

Sound Drums within, and cry, Stab, Stab,
Hearken, thou shalt hear noise,
Shall fill the air with shrilling sound.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And thunder musick to the Gods above :
A golden crown upon brave Envy's head,
And raise his chival with a lasting-fame :
In this brave musick Envy takes delight,
Where I may see them wallow in their blood,
To spurn at Arms and Legs quite shivered off,
And hear the cries of many thousands slain :
How lik'st thou this my Tratt ? 'tis sport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloody Cur, nurst up with Tygers sap,
Thar to dol, quail a womans mind :

Comedy is mild, gentle, willing so to please,
And seeks to gain the love of all estates,
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with lovely tales,
And bringeth things with treble joy to pass.

Thou bloody, envious, disdainer of mens joye,
Whose name is fraught with bloody stratagems,

Delights in nothing but in spoil and death,
Where thou mayst trample in their lukewarm blood,

And grasp their hearts within thy cursed paws :
Yet vail thy mind, revenge thee not on me,

A silly woman begs it at thy hands ; Give me the leave to utter out my Play,

Forbear this place, I humbly crave cheer-hence,
And mix not death 'mongst pleasing Comedies,

That treats nought else but pleasure and delight :
If any spark of humane rest in thee,

Forbear, be gone, render the suit of me.

Envy. Why so I will ; forbearance shall be such,
As treble death shall cross thee with despight,

And make thee mourn where most thou joyest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,

Whirling thy pleasures with a peal of death,
And drench thy methods in a sea of blood ;

Thus will I do : Thus shall I bear with thee,
And more, to vex thee with a deeper spight,

I will with threats of blood begin the play,
Favouring thee with Envy, and with Hate.

The Comedy of Mucedorus

Com. Then ugly monstres do thy wroghts most
I will defend them in despite of the best
And though thou chinkest with Tragick stunes
To prove my Play unto my great disgracefull
I force it not, I scorn what thou canst do viole
My Recolouring to thy selfe affections
Ile grace it so, thy selfe affections
From Tragick stuffe, to be a pleasant Comediane Ie will

Envy. Why thou chinkst, send the Actions forth yea
And I will cross the first step of their Tragedie
Making them fear the very date of death

Com. And he defend them in gretil the spight
So ugly fiend farewell till xixth shall serve. M. goodnesse
That we may meet to parley for the beston as thysse

Envy. Content. Come, we go spread my banch
And scattered blossoms to thine envious Tragedie
Shall prove two Monsters spoiling of their joyes or gaudiis

Enter *Mucedorus* and *Anselmo* his friends
Since we are ready to goe to the

Muc. Anselmo? Anselmo my banch and friend,
Whose dear affections besime wher my heare
And keep their domination in one place
Whence near disloyalty shall root it forth
But faith plant firmer in your thosse respects

Muc. Much blame were mine if I shoud other death
Nor can coy fortune contrary allow: so do breake i boist
But my *Anselmo*, both I am to say I must enfrange this friend
Milconstur nor, 'tis from the Realm, nor these gauded ghespe
Though Lands part bodies, Neysse keep company, long I durst
Thou know'st that I impated often here
Private ralcons with my Royall Syre

Had, as concerning deuissions *Anselmo*, in ym as I did
Riches ynglyng Jowell: whose face (some say)
That blooming Lilles never shone so gay as agayn
Excelling not excelld yet left reporte to A
Does mangle Venerie, boistng of what is inde
Wing'd with Desire, thither his spight nevir begher two ior

And be my fortunes at my thoughts are, thin, and a gaudy
Anselmo will ye forsake *Valentines* lowe the Coaste

Absent

The Comedy of Mucedorus

Absent you from the eye of Sovereignty, in sign of discontent
Do not sweet Prince, adventure on that task, and hasten home
Since danger lurks each where, be woe from me, and a

Muce. Desist dissension, in this case the world is at your feet
My Resolution brooks no master, and now I look to you, I lost it not, I
Therefore if thou retain thy wonted firmness, and in sooth, all is well
Afflict what I intend, and I am likely to do, But right from me, I

Ansel. Your wish will breed a bad mirth in the County
And throw a frosty dew upon that beauteous region, Now I have
Whose front *Valentia* stands to defend, and a

Muce. If ill-gaining will prevail, then hold thy hand
Let Loves strong Magick turn thy trivial phantasies
Wasted as vainly as to grip the vapours of the earth, to bring
Augmenting nothing more answerable, sticky lips, and
Unless thy wisdom comes with thy design, and a
According to my purpose to gilding, and mounting

Ansel. That action craves no audience,
Since what you rightly end, will more command,
The hand-shaped shape,

Muce. Thou still art opposite in disposition, and in action
A more obscure servile, and dimmed; nor to him that you doth give
Beleems this enterprise, of a poor man's robbery, and

Ansel. Then like *Effeminate* or *Mountebanks*, and such like
Muce. His much contumelies, I dislike thy judgement,

My mind is grafted on an humble stock,

Ansel. Within my closet does there hang a Caffock, and a
Though base the weed is, 'twas a Shepherd's, for a Shepherd I
Which I presented in *Lord Julius Mask*, but that I

Muce. That my *Anselme*, and none else but that,
Mask *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view, in this another shape
That habite suits my mind, seale me that weed,

Ansel. (The same) now hold, now *Exit Anselme*.
Better then Kings have not disdain'd their state, and bold
And much inferior, to obtain their mate,

Enter *Anselme* with a Shepards coat
So, let our respects command thy presence,
At once a brief farewell, and to thy bosom, to thy bosom
Delay to *Lovers* is a second Hell, *Exit. Mucedorus*.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Ansel. Prosperitie sore-run thee : Auckward chance,
Never be neighbour to thy wishes venture,
Content and Faine advance thee. Ever thrive,
And glory thy mortality survive.

Enter Mense, with a bottle of hay.

Mense. O horrible terrible ! Was ever poor Gentleman so
scar'd out of his seven sensis ? A Bear ? Nay here it cannot be
a Bear, but some Devil in a Bear's doublet : for a Bear could
never have had that agility to have frightened me. Well, Ile see
my father hang'd before Ile serve his Horse any more : Well,
Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fa-
thers Horse turn Puritan, and obserue Fasting days, for he gets
not a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore Ile
take the other path, and because Ile be sure to have an eye to
her, I will shake hands with some foolish Creditor, and make
every step backward.

*As he goes backward, the Bear comes in, and he tumbles over
her, and runs away, and leaves his bottle of hay behind him.*

Enter Segafio running, and Amaudine after him, being

Pursued with a Bear.

Seg. Of sic Madam, sic, or else we are but dead.

Ama. Help Segafio, help, help sweet Segafio, or else I die.

Segafio runs away.

Segafio. Alas Madam there is no way but flight.
Then haste and save your self.

Ama. Why then I dye. Ah help me in distress.

*Enter Mucedorus like a Shepherd, with a sword drawn,
and a Bear's head in his hand.*

Muce. Stay Lady, stay, and be no more dismay'd,
That cruel beast most mercifles and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard purfes,
Prying from place to place to fiend his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death :
His carcass now lies headless void of breath.

Ama. That foul deformed Monster, is he dead ?

Muce. Assure your self thereof, behold his head.

The Comedy of Mucedorras.

Which if it please you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yield it to your Majestie.

Ama. Thanks worthy Shepherd, thanks a thousand times.
This gift assure thy selfe conctents me more,
Than greatest bountie of a mighty Prince.
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

Muce. Most gratiouse Goddess, more than mortall wight,
Your heavenly hue of right imports no less,
Most glad am I, in that it was my chance,
To undertake this enterprise in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad our princely mind.

Ama. No Goddess (Shepherd) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest,
My father here is King of a dragon,
I Amadine his only daughter am,
And after him sole air unto the Crown :
Now whereas it is my fathers will,
To marrie me unto Segafre,
One whose wealth through Fathers former usury,

Is known to be no less then wonderfull,
We both of custome of entimes did use.

(Leaving the Court) to walk within the fields
For recreatioun, especially the Spring,
In that it yields great store of rare delights :

And passing further then our wonted walk,
Scarce entered within these luckless woods,
But right before us down a steepfall hill,
A monstrous ugly Bear did hie him fast

To meet us both : I faint to tell the rest,
Good Shepherd but suppose the gashly looks,

The hideous fears, the hundred thousand woes
Which at this instant Amadine sustain'd.

Muce. Yet worthy Prince let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former joys revive.

Ama. Believe me Shepherd, so it doth no less.

Muce. Long may they last unto your hearts content,
But tell me Lady, what is become of him ?
Segafre fal'd ; what is become of him ?

Ama.

The Comedy of Maccidorus. II

Ama. I know not I, that know the powers divine,
But God grant this, that sweet *Sugaf* alive,
Macc. Yet hard hefted he in such a case,
So cowardly to save him in the flight, *Sugaf* is left alone, I see
And leave so brave a Prince to the spoil, has am bobson þan

Ama. Well Shepherds, for thy worthy valour tried, b'out I
Endangering thy self to set me free, b'out I ydnowell
Unrecompenced sure thou shal not be: when in law, when in Court
In Court thy courage shall be plainly known,
Throughout the Kingdom will I spread thy name,
To thy renoun and never dying fame von *Julius* a valiant
And that thy courage may be better known,
Bear thou the head of this most monstrous beast,
In open sight to every Countiers view signifieth, and so
So will the King my father thee reward, and a good reward
Come let's away, and guard me to the Court,

Macc. With all my heart.

Enter Sugaf folus.

Sugaf. When heaps of harms do hover over head,
T'is time as then (some say) to look about,
And of ensuing harms to chuse the least, and shib, damage, and
But hard, yea hapless is that wretches chance, that of *Valy*
Luckyfes his lot, and caitiff-like accurst, yet redemeas
At whose proceedings Fortune ever frowns: and other am hefted
My self I mean most subject unto thrall: A. Aug. 1
For I, the more I seek to shun the worst, moy lliell, yel
The more by proof I finde my self accurst, that I
Egg whiles assyuled with an ugly Bear, and moy ob wyl, a head
Fair *Amadine* in company all alone, and anivisous I ganion
Forthwith by flight I thought to save my self, b'out, and so
Leaving my *Amadine* unto her shift, am in saftey, A. Aug. 2
For death it was for to resist the Bear, and my self to be
And death no less of *Amadine* harms to hear, and so
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long to be, A. Aug. 3
In living thus, each minute of an hour
Dost pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths:
If she by flight her fury doth escape, b'out, and so
What will thes think? and her, b'out, and so

The Comedy of Mardonius

Will she not fly, you friends to my face, I see you are
Accusing me of mean disfayles, and aids, and
A trusty friend is tried in time of need. But I
But I, when she in danger was of death, and
And needed me, and tried, *Sergeant* Sir, I
I turn'd thy back and quicke-like ran away, And He said
Unworthy I to bear this vnseemly brest, of his own agueing
But what, what need those plaines? If Amadine
If Amadine do live, then happy I am to see
She will in time forgive and so forget; That
Amadine is merciful, nor love like
In harmful hearts harboure hat and wrong. And He said
Enter *Mardonius* Clown running, crying out,

Mardonius. Clubs, Prongs, Bitchforks, Bills, O help! help!
A Bear, a Bear, a Bear! *Clown* What is this? *Mardonius* So wifly is she
Sergeant. Still Bears, and nothing but Bears. *Clown* What is this? *Mardonius*
Tell me sirrah what she is.

Clown. O sir, she is run down the woods,
I saw her white head, and her white belly, and her white

Sergeant. Thou talkst of wunders, to tell me of white Bears!
But sirrah, didst thou ever see any such? and guisling to be a

Clown. No faith, I never saw any such; a goodly, bold and
But I remember my fathers words, *Mardonius* he said to me.
He bad me take heed I was not caught wigh the white Bear.

Sergeant. A lamentable this no doubt.

Clown. Ile tell you what is, as I was going a field to serve my
fathers great Horse, and carried a bottle of hay upon my
head: Now do you see sir, I fath'd by winter that I should see
nothing, I perceiving the Bear coming, I threw my hay into
the hedge, and ran away.

Sergeant. What from nothing *Clown* you say, I give you

Clown. I warrant you yes, I saw something for these twentw
load of thorns besides my bottle of hay, and this made three.

Sergeant. But tell me sirrah, the Bear that thou didst see,
Did he not bear a bucket on her back? *Clown* and a gourd in her arm.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha, I never saw a Bear go a miling in all my
life. But hark you sir, I did not look so high as her arm, *Mardonius*
I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

Sergeant.

The Comedy of Mucedorus

Segaf. But tell me first: where dost thou dwell?

Clow. Why do you not know me? I am to you a friend.

Segaf. Why no, how should I know thee?

Clow. Why then you know no body, and you know not me; Tell you sir, I am Goodman Rat, Son of the next parish over the hill.

Segaf. Goodman Rat, how whereto name?

Clow. Why I am very neer kin unto him.

Segaf. I think so, but whereto name?

Clow. My name? I have a very pretty name. Here tell you what my name is, my name is Mong.

Segaf. Whereto plain Mong, and mori abroad you have but

Clow. I plain Mong, without either wile or guard?

But do you hear sir, I am a very young Mouse, for my self is scarce grownd one year; look here elsewher.

Segaf. But I pray you who gave you that name?

Clow. Faust Sir, I know not theys, but if you would fain know,

ask my fathers great Name, for he hath beene half a year longer with my father than I have been.

Segaf. This seems to be a merry fellow.

I care not if I take Menthomp with me, but she is a good woman.

Mirth is a comfort to a troubled mind.

A merry man a mery Murther.

How faist thou sirrah, wilt thou dwell with me properly?

Clow. Nay so farre, two wordes to a bargain. Pray what Occupation are you?

Segaf. No Occupation, I live upon my lands.

Clow. Your lands? away, you are no Master for me. Why, do

you think that I am so mad to go to tell my living in the lands

among the stones, bryers, and bushes, and rear my holy day

apparel? not I by your lewest.

Segaf. Why, I do not mean thou shalld.

Clow. How then?

Segaf. Why thou shalld be my man and waite on me at Court.

Clow. What think?

Segaf. What the King lies.

Clow. What is that King, a man or a woman?

Segaf. A man as thou art.

Clow. As I am: Hark you sir, pray you what kin is he to goodman King of our puriflyng Church warden?

The Comedy of Mucedorus

Segaf. No kindest him, he is the King of the whole Land.
Clow. King of the whole Land, I never saw him;

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me thou shalt see him every day.

Clo. Shall I go home again to be torn in pieces with Bears?
No, not I, I will go home and put on a clean shirt, and then go drown my self.

Seg. Thou shakst not need, if thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt want nothing.

Clo. Shall I not then herea my hand, Ie dwell with you :
And barky on sir, now you have entreated me, tell you what I can do, I can keep my tongue from picking and stealing, and my hands from lying and thodering, I warrant you as well as eyes you had any where in your life.

Segaf. Now will I to Court with sorrowful heart, bounded with doubts : If Amadine do live, then happy is yes happy, if Amadine do live.

Enter the King with a young prisoner, and maid of Honour, and 1500 men with Cossiers and Guards. The King. Now brave Lords, our wars are brought to an end.

Our foes the foil, and with safety rest, amendeit. Nay, It us behoves to use such clementy in peace, As valour in the wars ; brim boldness to us, Tis as great honour to be humiful at home, As conquerore in the field.

Therefore, my Lords, the more to my content, Your liking, and our Countries safeguard, We are disposed in Marriage for to give.

Our Daughter unto Lord Segaf, here, Who shal succeed the Diadem after me, And reign hereafter as Leaders have done.

Your sole and lawful King of Aragon. What say you, Ladlings, like you of my advice.

Let an c'please your Majestie, we do not only allow of your Highnes' pleasure, but also your faichfullie in what we may, to further it.

King. Thanks good my Lords, if long I drasthe live, He will at full require your countesies.

Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done, I command you

The Comedy of Miserere.

Take unto thee the *Catalonian Priests*,
Lately our prisoners taken in the wars;
Be thou his keeper, his ransom shall be thine;
We'll think of it when leisure shall afford;
Mean while do us him well, his father is a King.

True, Thankes your Majestie, his usage shall be such,
As he therat shall have no cause to gruch. *Exeunt.*

King. Then march we on to Cours, and rest our wearied
But Collin, I have a tale in secret fit for thee,
When thou shalt hear a watch-word from thy King,
Think then some weighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concern our State,
Then Collin look aboute not far from me,
And for thy service then to come hast done,
Thy truth and valour prouidin every point,
I shall with bounties cheenishage thet before,
So guard us to the Countys aid gaide

Col. What so my Sovereign doth command me to,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. I

Enter Segafra, and his Clowns, with weapons about him.
Seg. Tell me sirrah, how do you like your weapons ?
Clow. O very well, very well, they keep my sides warm.
Seg. They keep the dogs from you I think well, do they not ?
Clow. How, keep the dogs from my shins ? I would scorn bug
my shins should keep the dogs from them.

Segaf. Well Sirrah, leaving idle task, tell me
Dost thou know Captain Trelawny's chamber?

Clow. I very well, it hath a door.
Segast. I think so; for so hath every chamber: But dost thou know the man?

Seg. Why so hatch every one. **Clo.** That's more then I know.

10 *Say*, But dost thou remember the Captain that was here
with the King that brought the young Prince prisoner? : 7001

Segast. Go to him, and bid him come unto me.

Clem, I will Master, what's his name S. 68

Segafj.

The Comedy of Mardon.

Segaf. Why Captain ~~Trumelio~~ ^{Trumelio} come to you every day?

Clow. O, the meal-man; I know him very well, no glasse
He brings meal every Saturday; But mark you Master, must he
Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

Segaf. No sirrah, he must come to me. in the ob of the field
Clow. Hark you Master, if he be about home,

What shall I do then? ^{Or where or what shall I do} A

Segaf. Why then leave word with some of his folks.

Clow. O Master if there be nobody within, ^{in the ob} I will leave word with his dog.

Segaf. Why can his dog speake? ^{you know smot as it laid}

Clow. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber

Segaf. To keep out such knaves as thou art. ^{and Celia}

Clow. Nay by Lady then go your selfe. ^{you will not be} A

Segaf. You will go first, will you not? ^{and say ha. then} C

Clow. Yes marry will I. ^{O give me to my head} And I
And he be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you. ^{in the ob} C

Segaf. What, will you pluck down the Kings house?

Clow. No by Lady, Ile know the price of it first. ^{in the ob} A
Master, it is such a hard name, I have forgotten it again. ^{in the ob} C

I pray you tell me his name. ^{in the ob} well, deuile on that. ^{in the ob} C

Segaf. I tell thee Captain ~~Trumelio~~. ^{in the ob} Now you O Clow.

Clow. O Captain treble knave, Captain stuble knave.

Enter ~~Trumelio~~ ^{in the ob} C

Tre. How now friend, dost thou call me ^{in the ob} good blood friend ^{in the ob} you

Clow. You must come to my Master, Captain treble knave.

Tre. My Lord Segaf, did you send for me? ^{in the ob} word with me.

Segaf. I did ~~Trumelio~~, Sirrah, about your wife. ^{in the ob} C

Clow. I marry, what's that, can you tell ^{in the ob} I ^{in the ob} Segaf.

Segaf. No not well. ^{in the ob} C

Clow. Marry then I can, straight to the Kitchen-dresser to John
the Cook, and get me a good piece of Bies and Brewis, and
then to the Battery hatch to Thomas the Bakes for a Jack of
Beer: and there for an hour lie so besabout my self, and there-
fore I pray you call me not till you think I have done, I pray
you good Master. ^{in the ob} C

Segaf. Well Sir, away. ^{in the ob} C

Trumelio. This it is, thou knowest the valour of Segaf. ^{in the ob} C

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Spread through all the kingdom of Aragon,
And such as have found triumph and favours,
Never daunted at any time : but now a Shepherd,
Admired in Court for worthiness,
And Segafos honour laid aside :
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some means to
work the Shepherds death : I know thy strength sufficient to
perform my desire, and to love no otherwise then to revenges
my injuries.

Tre. It is not the frowns of a Shepherd that Tremelio fears :
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Segaf. Thanks good Tremelio, and assure thy self,
What I promise, that I will perform.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord : And in good time :
See where he cometh : stand by awhile,
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift.
Have at thee Swain, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muce. Vild Coward, so without cause to strike a man :
Turn Coward, turn : now strike and do thy worst.

Mucedorus kill'd him.

Segaf. Hold Shepherd, hold, spare him, kill him not :
Accurst villain, tell me, what hast thou done ?
Ah Tremelio, Trusty Tremelio, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou living didst prove faithfull to Segaf,
So Segaf now living will honour the dead
Corps of Tremelio with revenge.
Blood-thirsty villain, born and bred in merciles murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands upon the least of mine ?
Assure thy self, thou shalt be us'd according to the Law.

Muce. Segaf's words, these threats are needless,
Accuse me not of murder, that have done nothing
But in mine own defence.

Segaf. Nay Shepherd, reason not with me,
Ile manifest thy face unto the King,
Whose doom will be thy death, as thou delierest,
What hee : Muce came away.

Enter

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Enter *Mons.*

Clow. Why how now ? what's the matter ?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Segaf. Come help away with my friend.

Clow. Why, is he drunk ? can he not stand on his feet ?

Segaf. No, he is not drunk, he is slain.

Clow. Slain ? No by *Lady*, he is not slain.

Segaf. He is kill'd I tell thee. (no longer.)

Clow. What do yo use to kill your friends ? I will serve you

Segaf. I tell thee the Shepherd killed him.

Clow. O did he so ? But Master, I will have all his apparel
if I carry him away. *Segaf.* Why so thou shalt.

Clow. Come then I will help : Mais Master I think his mother
sung looby to him, he is so heavy. *Exeunt.*

Muce. Behold the fickle state of man, always mutable, ne-
ver at one.

Sometime we feed our fancies with the sweet of our desires.

Sometimes again, we feel the heat of extream miseries.

Now am I in favour about the Court and Country,

To morrow those favours will turn to frowns.

To day I live revenged on my foe,

To morrow I die, my foe revenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter *Bremo a wild man.*

Bremo. No passenger this morning ? what not one ?

A chance that seldom doth befall.

What, not one ? Then lie thou there,

And rest thy self til I have further need ;

Now *Bremo* fith thy leisure so affords,

An endless thing, who knows not *Bremo's* strength,

Who like a King commands within these woods ?

The Bear, the Boar dare not abide his sight,

But hastes away to save themselves by flight,

The Chrystral waters in the bubling brooks,

When I come by do swiftly slide away,

And claps themselves in closets under banks,

Afraid to look bold. *Bremo* in the face.

The aged Oaks at *Bremo's* breath do bow,

And all things else are still at my command.

Elfe.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Else what would I?

Rend them in pieces, and pluck them from the earth,

And each way else I would revenge myself.

Why, who comes here? with whom dare I not fight?

Who fights with me and doth not die the death? Not one.

What favour shews this sturdy stick to those

That here within these woods are combatants with me?

Why, death, and nothing else but present death.

With restless rage I wander through these woods,

No creature here, but feareth *Bramoss* force:

Man, woman, child, beast, and bird,

And every thing that doth approach my sight,

Are forst to fall, if *Bramoss* once do frown.

Come, Codge! come, my partner in my spoils:

For here I see this day it will not be,

But when it falls that I encounter any,

One pat sufficeth for to work my will.

What, comes not one? then let's be gone,

A time will serve when we shall better speed.

Enter the King, Segast, the Shepherd, the Clown, with others.

King. Shepherd, thou stalt heard thine accusers;

Murther is laid to thy charge,

What canst thou say? thou hast deserved death.

Mucs. Dread Sovereign, I must needs confess,

I slew this Captain in my own defence,

Not of any malice, but by chance;

But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

Segast. Words will not here prevail.

I seek for justice, and justice craves his death.

King. Shepherd, thine own confession hath condemned thee;

Sirrah, take him away, and do him to execution straight.

Clo. So he shall, I warrant him.

But do you hear Master King? he is kin to a Monk,

His neck is bigger then his head.

Seg. Come sirrah, away with him.

And hang him about the middle.

Clo. Yes forsooth, I warrant you, come you sirrah;

A, so like a sheep-biter a looks.

Enter

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Enter Amadine, and a Boy with a Bear's head.

Ama. Dread Sovereign, and my beloved Sir, w^{ch} das hat.
On bended knee I give the life of this condemned Shepherd,
which heretofore preserved the life of thy sometime distressed
daughter.

King. Preserved the life of my sometime distressed daughter !
How can that be ? I never knew the time
Wherein was thou distract : I never knew the day
But that I have maintained thy estate,
As best besem'd the daughter of a King.
I never saw the Shepherd until now.
How comes it then that he preserv'd thy life ?

Ama. Once walking with Segafio in the woods,
Further then our accustomed manner was,
Right before us down a steep fall hill,
A monstrous ugly Bear did lie distract
To meet us both now whether this be true,
I refer it to the credit of Segafio.

Segafio. Most true an't like your Majestie. King. How then ?

Ama. The Bear being eager to obtain his prey,
Made forward to us with an open mouth, as if he did intend
As if he meant to swallow us both at once.
The sight whereof did make us both to distract,
But specially your daughter Amadine, mi nizqo qd qd vdi
Who, for I saw no succour incident
But in Segafio's valour, grew desperat^e and pale,
And he most coward-like began to fly.
Left me distract to be desor'd of him, but
How say you Segafio, is it not true ?

King. His silence verifies it to be true : what then ?

Ama. Then I amaz'd, distressed all alone, f^{or} qd of
Did he me fall, to scape that ugly Bear,
But all in vain ; for why he reached after me, qd qd vdi
And hardly I did oft escape his paws.
Till at the length this Shepherd came, m^ods and good on^o
And brought to me his head. (Majestie.)
Come hither boy, lo here it is, which I do present unto your
King. The slaughter of this Bear deserves great fame.

Segafio.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Segaf. The slaughter of a man deserves great blame.
King. Indeed occasion oftentimes to kill a man.

Segaf. Tremelio in the woods (O King) preserved theg.

Ama. the Shepherd in the woods (O King) preserved me.

Segaf. Tremelio fought when many men did yield.

Ama. So would the Shepherd had he been in field.

Clow. So would my master had he not run away.

Segaf. Tremelio's force driv'd thousand from the foe.

Ama. The Shepherds force hath many thousand more.

Clow. Aye Shippicks nothing else.

King. Segaf calls to recall the Shepherd.

This worthless quarell a recompence will I make.

All we are bound to do the Shepherd good.

Shepherd, whereas it was thy sentence thou shouldest die,
So shall my sentence stand for that that die.

Segaf. Turne to your Master.

King. But for Segaf, not for this offence.

Long maist thou live; and when the King shall decree,

To cut in twain the twisted thred of life and death,

Then let them die, for this I let him free.

And for thy valour I will honour thee.

Ama. Thanks to your Majestie.

King. Come then Master, let us now aspire to honour the worthy
valour of the Shepherd, with due rewards.

Clow. O Master, hear you, you have made a fresh hand now,

I thought you would bellow you. What will you do now?

You have lost me a good occupation by this means.

Faith Master now I cannot hang the Shepherd.

I pray you let me take pains to hang you, that may be done.

It is but half an hours exercise.

Segaf. You are still in yourativity,

But sith I cannot have this life, I will procure his banishment for ever. Come on friends.

Clow. Yes forsooth I come. I will at him I pray your Exellie.

King. From Amadine, and from her Estates Countries.

With gold and silver and with rich rewards.

Flowing from the banks of gold and silver.

More.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

More may I boast and say ; but I
Was never Shepherd in such dignitie.

Enter the Messenger and the Clown.

Mes. All hail worthy Shepherd.

Clo. All hail worthy Shepherd.

Muce. Welcome my friends, from whence come you?

Mes. The King and Amadine greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bidthies depart the Court ;
Shepherd be gone.

Clo. Shepherd take Law-legs: fly away Shepherd.

Muce. Whose words are these ? came these from Amadine ?

Mes. I, from Amadine. Clo. Away from Amadine.

Muce. Ah luckless fortune, woe then Phanton ! aye,

My former bliss is now become my bale.

Clo. What, wile thou payson thy self ?

Muce. My former heaven is now become my hell.

Clo. The worst Alerhorne that ever became man in all my life.

Muce. What shall I do ?

Clo. Even go hang thy self, before I am a gaine to you.

Muce. Can Amadine so churlishly command,

To bannish the Shepherd from her fathers Court ?

Mes. What should Shepherds do in the Court ?

Clo. What should Shepherds do among us ?

Have not we Lords enough on us in the Court ?

Muce. Why, Shepherds are men, and Kings are no more.

Mes. Shepherds are men, and masters over their flocks.

Clo. That's a lie, who payes them their wages then ?

Mes. Well, you are always interrumping of me ; But you were best to look to him, let you hang for him when he is gone.

The Clown sings.

Clo. And you shall hang for company, and reason I do tell
For leaving me alone. I stand forth and bear my leprose.

Shepherd be gone within these days, in pain of my displeasure,

Shepherd be gone, Shepherd be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone.

Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd.

Muce. And must I go ? and must I needs depart ?

Ye

The Comedy of Miseducation

Ye goodly Groves, partakers of my songs, of forest Quake
In time before when fortune did not frown, w 1547
Pour forth your plaints, and wail awhile with me;
And thou bright Sun, the comfort of my cold, me q son p 1547
Hide, hide thy face, and leave me comfortless; 1550
Ye wholesome herbs, and sweet smelling savoury, w 1551
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man, voi q of 1551
Change, change your wonted course, 1551
That I wanting your aid, in wofull sort may die; 1551

Enter *Amadina* and *Arizana* by *mid* *9:30* *PM* *on* *stage* *out*

Make some excuse till I get into the valley and in two weeks I will be there.

Ari. What and where did this wrong do you think he is?

Ans. Do you the like to him, I mean not to stay long. Exit.

Mice. This voice follows inopining spinners when 11.

Anna Shepherd will now tell us how they do it. *With*
the *new* *method* *she* *will* *be* *able* *to* *do* *more* *in* *less* *time*.

Most I singen liegen zweitlich/ so ist sie doch ein sehr schöner

Mr. Shepherd's dishonorable banishment already be decided.

and against my will, yet Amazine said, "No, Sir, I am not in debt to any man."

*Muse: Ah Amadino, to hear of banishment is death; I
dare not tell him of the fine new coat I made, one shilling I scarce*

double doors to the bath house I must depart, one thing I crave.

Adm. That is absence either far or near.

*Mince. Take his blighted cherry laurel heart,
you honour me to submit to your name.*

Are Not Some Men Very Wise? And why?

Am. I honor thee as Sovereign of my heart.

Muc. A Sheep and a Sovereign, nothing like.

Ans. Yet like enough where there is no dislike.

Muse, Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Ama. Shepherd it is only Segaflo that procures thy banish-

Muses. Unworthy wights are more in jealoufie. (ment.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment,

or likewise banish me. § 11 and 11. 1. 3

Muse. Amen I say, to have your company. (2701 703)

Am. Well Shepherd, sith thou sufferest thus for my sake,
Will I give unto thee a vineyard.

With thee in exile also let me live, my oh my what a sight to see.

On this condition Shepherd thou canst love. *John xxi. 21.*
16. *No love without condition.*

Never. No longer love, no longer let me live.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Am. Of late I lovd none indeed but now I love none but you
Mu. Thanks worthy friend; I have likewise, o! my lythe, I

Yet smother up the blisse; a like bise, straigly may a roial towne
I dare not promise what I may performe, and straigly may a towne

Am. Well Shepherd, hard wilest thou say so? yet abyd, I
I will return unto my fayre fayre, I have a roial towne

There for to provide me of straigly a towne
There for to provide me of straigly a towne, I greate dores as Y

As for my journey I shall think melle fit, Y
This being done, I will return unto this his towne

Do thou therefore appoinst the place, and make me
Where we may meet, an roial towne y' god you be, and make me

Muce. Down in the valley where I dwelle, there Best, and make me
And there doth grow a fayre breambrachet beech' W'ch,

That overhades a well, a fayre breambrachet beech' W'ch,
Let them bide the happy meeting of the towne and T. and make me

How like y' god this is! world withoutis in Hell, breambrachet beech' W'ch,

Muce. Now is your pleasure y' god, appoinst the time,
And full three hours hence, God willing, I will return.

Muce. The thanks that Bevingem the Justisim Queen,
The like doth Mucedorus yield her, and make me

Am. Then Mucedorus for these bodes of my self old Ebb,
Muce Your departure Lady breeds a gretty paine. Exit.

Enter Segast, saluting his master, and make me

Segast. 'Tis well Segast, that thou hast shew with me now y'.
Should such a Shepherd, such a simple Swain as he be, make me

Eclipse thy credit famous thorough the Countrey? and make me

No, ply Segast, ply, let it not in Segast be said, A. and make me

A Shepherd hath Segast on his backe, who goes with y', and make me

Enter Mons'r the Clown, calling his master, and make me

Clow. What, how Master, will you come away? and make me

Segast. Will you come hither, I pray you, what is the matter? and make me

Clow. Why is it not past eleven of the clock? and make me

Seg. How then sir? . an old man 10

Clow. I pray you come away to dinner, I say. and make me

Seg. I pray you come hither, I say, dinner. . 11. W. and make me

Clow. Here's such a do with you, will you never come? and make me

Seg. I pray you, what news is there of Segast? say you about? and make me

Clow. I tell you all the Master broug't the Table already. and make me

There

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

There wants not so much as a mess of Mustard, half an hour.

Seg. Come sir, your mind is all upon your belly, (ago.
You have forgotten what I bid you do.

Clo. Faith, I know nothing but you bid me go to breakfast.

Seg. Was that all?

Clo. Faith I have forgotten it, the very scent of the meat
hath made me forget it quite.

Seg. You have forgotten the Arrand I bid you do.

Clo. What Arrand, an arrant knave, or an arrant whore?

Seg. Why thou knave, did I not bid thee banish the Shepherd.

Clo. O the Shepherds Bastard.

Seg. I tell thee the Shepherds Banishment.

Clo. I tell you the Shepherds Bastard shall be well kept,
I'll look to it my self, but I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you have banished
him or no?

Clo. Why I cannot say banishment if you would give me a
thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. Why you whorish slave, have you forgotten that I sent
you and another to drive away the Shepherd?

Clo. What an Ass are you? here's a sir indeed
Her's Message, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what.

Seg. I pray you sir, shall I know whether you have drove him
away?

Clo. Faith I think I have, and you will not believe me, ask
my staff.

Seg. Why can thy staff tell?

Clo. Why he was with me too.

Seg. Then happy I, that have obtain'd my will.

Clo. And happier I if you would go to dinner.

Seg. Come sirrah, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you I will not lose an inch of you now you
are going to dinner: I promise you I thought seven years be-
fore I could get him away.

Enter Amadine solo.

Ams. God grant my long delay procures no harm

For this my carrying, frustrate my pretence:

My Mucedorus surely stays for me,

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And thinks me over-long, at length I come,
My present promise to perform;
Ah what a thing is firm unsaintèd love !
What is it which true love dares not attempt ?
My father he may make, but I must match :
Segafio loves, but Amadine must like
Where likes her best : compulsion is a thrall ?
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all.
The Shepherd's virtue Amadine esteem's,
But what, methinks the Shepherd is not come ;
I muse at that, the hour is at hand.
Well here Ile rest till Mucedorus come. *She sits down.*

Enter Bremo, looking about basitly, takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey ; now Bremo feed on flesh :
Dainties Bremo, dainties thy hungry paunch to fill ;
Now glut thy greedy guts with lukewarm blood :
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.

Ama. How can she fight that weapons cannot wield ?

Bre. What canst not fight ? then lie thee down and die.

Ama. What must I die ?

Bre. What needs these words ? I thirst to suck thy blood.

Ama. Yet pity me, and let me live awhile.

Bre. No pity I, Ile feed upon thy flesh,

And tear thy body peece-meal joyn't by joyn't.

Ama. Ah now I want my Shepherd's company.

Bre. Ile crush thy bones between two Oaken trees.

Ama. Hast Shepherd, hast, or else thou com'st too late.

Bre. Ile suck the sweetnes from thy marrow-bones.

Ama. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltless blood.

Bre. With this my Bat I will beat out thy brains ;

Down, down I say, postrate thy self upon the ground.

Ama. Then Mucedorus farewell, my hoped joys farewell ;

Yea farewell life, and welcome present death. *She kneels.*

To thee, O God, I yield my dying ghost.

Bre. Now Bremo, play thy part.

How now ? what sudden chance is this ?

My limbs do tremble, and my sinewes shake,

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

My unweakned Arms have lost their former force:
Ah Brevo, Brevo, what a foile hadst thou,
That yet at no time was afraid,
To dare the greatest Gods to fight with thee. *He strikes,*
And now wants strength for one down driving blow?
Ah how my courage fails when I should strike
Some new-come spirit abiding in my brest,
Saith, spare her Brevo, spare her, do not kill her.
Shall I spare her that never spared any?
To it Brevo, to it; say again,
I cannot wield my weapon in my hand,
Me thinks I should not strike so fair a one:
I think her beauty hath bewitcht my force,
Or else with me altered nature course,
Ay woman, wilt thou live in woods with me?

Ama. Pain would I live, yet loth to live in woods.
Br. Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say,
And therefore follow me. *Enter Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muce. It was my will an hour ago and more,
As was my promise, for to make return and void ya
But other busyness hindred my pretence.
It is a world to see, when men appoints
And purposly on certain things doestess.
How many things may hinder his intent,
What one would wish, the same is farthest off.
But yet th'appointed time, cannot be past,
Nor hath her presence yet prevented me.
Well here Ile stay, and expat her coming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is pastin'd, no doubt:
Perhaps some search for me, tis good to doubt the worst:
Therefore Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within, hold him, hold him. Enter Mouse the Clever.

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him; here's a stir indeed, here
came he after the Crier, & hastes close at mother. *Exit.*

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

and there I tylled for three pots of Ale, as is the manner of us Courtiers; Now firrah, I had taken the maidenhead of two of them, and as I was lifting up the third to my mouth, there came, hold him, hold him; now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot; Well Ho see, mells I cunnes see him yet; well Ho look a little further; mells he is a little styes if he be here; why heres no body; all this is wellyng. But if the old, I nev should come for her pot, I marry theres the matter a but; I care not, Ile face her out, and call her old ruffly, dusky, musty, fusty, crusty Firebrand, and worse then all that, and so face her out of her pot; but sofe, here she comes on blindfold I alid; eM

Enter the old woman winged red *Exit*

Old. Come you knave, wheres my potion leave dw ablo *Clo.* Go look your pot, come not to me for your pot, were good for you.

Old. Thou liest thou knave, thou hast my pot, and it is.

Clo. You fly and you say it, I your pot I he know what lie say.

Old. What wilt thou say, you will say.

Clo. But say I have it and thou darfst.

Old. Why thou knave, thou hast not only my pot, but my drink unpaid for.

Clo. You ly like an old gwyllion, with no sypwhare, I blow as I.

Old. Dost thou call me whore? Hoop then for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou darfst, gwyllion ym gwyllion ym wch Search me whether I have it or not.

She searcheth him, and he drinkeþ bryuerie heeding not of her, down the pot, he stumbles in it, and then they fall together by the ears: she takes up her pot and runneth her base, yest all sted. W

Enter Segisford red

Seg. How now firrah, what's the matter?

Clo. Officer Master Segisford, I am come to you.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clo. O here Master, all about your face.

Seg. Why thou liest, I think thou art spaddled blood, wchiver you.

Clo. Why master I have a knid adingcart full at the least.

Seg. Go to firrah, leave this idle talk, gwyllion ym wch.

Clo. Now, give you one of my ears.

No.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Not an you were ten masters.

Seg. Why sir, I pray you give ear to my words.

Clo. I tell you I will not be made a Curial for no mans pleasure.

Seg. I tell thee attend what I say, and I am sure of sure.

Go thy ways straight and rear the whole town.

Clo. How, rear the whole town? even go your self, it is more than I can do. Why, do you think I can rear a town, that can scarce rear a pot of Ale to my head, I should rear a town, should I not?

Seg. Go to the Comisibyl and make a privie search, For the Shepherd is run away with the Kings daughter.

Clo. How? is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepherd?

Seg. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a fool is he to run away with the Shepherd; why I think I am a little wiser and more than the Shepherd my self; but tell me Master, must I make a privie search or search in the privie?

Seg. Why doest thou think they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then search every where, Leave no place unsearched for them.

Clo. Oh now I am in office: now will I to that old fire-wards house, and will not leave one place unsearched; I'll to the Ale-stand, and drink so long as I can stand; and when I have done, I'll let out all the fell, to see if he be not hid in the Bar; and if I find him not there, I'll to the Gypson, I'll not leave one corner of her house unsearched; if that ye old Craft, He be with you now.

Songe of Mucedorus.

Enter the King of Valencia, Infelmo, Roderigo,

Lord Brachim, with others.

King Va. Enough of musick, it but adds to torment.

Delights to vexed Spirits are distastes.

Set to a sick man, which rather cloy then comfort:

Let me intreat you to intreat no more.

Musick. Rod. Let your strings sleep, have done there.

King Va. Mirth to a sober disturbed, are Embresturis,

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Which sudden gleam with molestation,
But sooner lose their sight for a ~~very~~ ^{short} time. ~~and~~ ^{as} oft
Tis gold beflow'd upon a Rioter, ~~you~~ ^{him} I know; ~~and~~ ^{as} oft
Which not relieves but murchers him; ~~but~~ ^{as} oft as ill he ~~is~~ ^{has} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Tis a drugg given to the healthful, ~~but~~ ^{as} oft as ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Which infects, not cures. ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
How can a Father that hath lost his Son, ~~but~~ ^{as} oft as I said, ~~is~~ ^{is}
A Prince both wise, weroos, and valiant, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Take pleasure in the idle acts of Time, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
No, no, till Mucedorus I shall see ~~again~~ ^{again} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
All joy is comfortless, all pleasure pain. ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Ans. Your Son (my Liege) is well. ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}

King. Va. I beseeche speak that ~~choice~~ ^{choice} ~~again~~ ^{again} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}

Ans. The Prince your Son is late. ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}

King. Va. O where is he? suffer me which that. ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}

Ans. In Aragon, my Liege, and at his parting, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Bound me ~~secretly~~ ^{secretly} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is} I ~~slum~~ ^{slum} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
By his affections love not to disclose it: ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
But care of him, and pity of your age, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Makes my tongue blab what my brest vow'd, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Concealment. ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}

King. Va. Thou not deceiv'd me, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
I ever thought thee what I finde ~~ther~~ ^{now} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
An upright, loyal man, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
But what desire, or young fed humor, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Nurst within his brain, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Drew him to private lie to Aragon? ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Ans. A forcing Adaman, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Love mixt with fear and doubtful jealousie, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Whether report gilded a worthless Trunk, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Or Amadine deserved her high excolment. ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}

King. Va. See our provision be in readines, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Collect us followers of the comliest due, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
For our chief guardians, we will chuse wend, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
The Christal eye of Heaven shall not thrice Wink, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Nor the green Flood six times his Shoulders turn, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Till we salute the Aragonian King. ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
Musick speak loudly now, the scalon's apt, ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}
For former dolours are in pleasures wrapt. ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~short~~ ^{short} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is}

Exeunt.

Enter

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Enter *Mucadorus* to disavise himself. Y.

Now *Mucedorus*, whither wilt thou go?
Home to thy father to thy native soil,
Or tric some long abode within these woods?
Well I will hence depart and bid me home,
What bie me home said I, f that may not bea
In *Amadine* rests my felicitie.
Then *Mucedorus* do as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within these Groves,
Walk often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make settles there, and seat thy self theron,
And when thou feel'st thy self to be awhit,
Then drink a hearty draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt she thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well,
Come habit thou art fit for me;
No Shepherd now, an Hermite must I be:
Methinks this fits me very well,
Now must I learn to bear a walking staff,
And exercise some gravity, withall.

Enter the Cloisters.

*Clo. Heres through the woods, and through the woods,
To look out a Shepherd, and a Ray Kinges daughter:
But lost, who have we here? what art thou?*

Ms. Tammam Hermite

Clo. An Emmet, I never saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

Mrs. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite.

One that leads a solitary life within these woods.

Clo. O I know thee now ; thou art he that eat up all the Pigs and Haws : we could not have one piece of fat Bacon for thee all this year.

*Mu. Thou dost mistake me:
But I pray thee tell me, whom dost thou seek in these woods?*

Clo. What do I seek? for a stray King's daughter.

Run away with a Shepherd.
Mrs. A stray King's daughter, run away with a Shepherd,

Wherefore, canst thou tell?

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Clo. Yes that Mucedorus, with his; my Master and Amadine walking one day abroad, never these woods then they were used (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Bear. Now my Master fled the man and ran away, and Amadine crying after him: now sir, comes me a Shepherd, and he strikes off the Bear's head, now whether the Bear were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Bears before me, and binde their hands and feet, and Ie kill them all: now ever since Amadine hath beene in love with the Shepherd, and for good will she never run away with the Shepherd.

Muc. What manner of man was he? canst describe him to me?

Clo. Scribe him, sir, I warrant you that I can: he was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, well favoured fellow, a jerkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloth.

Muc. Thou describest him well, but if I chance to see any such pray you where shall I finde you, or what's your name?

Clo. My name is called Master Mouse.

Muc. O Master Mouse, I pray you what Office might you bear in the Court?

Clo. Marry sir, I am Roster of the Stable.

Muc. Oh, Usher of the Table.

Clo. Nay, I say Roster, and Ie prove mine Office good: for look you sir, when any comes from under the Sea, or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and throw Ruther prestly, therefore Fair's Ruther? a high Office I promise ye.

Muc. But where shall I finde you in the Court?

Clo. Why, where it is best being either in the Kitchin eating, or in the Butterie drinking: but if you come, I will provide for thee a piece of Beef and Brewes knuckle deep in fat: pray you take paine remember Master Mouse.

Muc. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you. Ah Amadine, what should become of her? Whither shouldst thou go so long unknown? With watch and wond each passage is beset, So that she cannot long escape unknown. Doubtless, she hath lost her self within these woods, And wandering to and fro, she seeks the Well,

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Which yet she cannot find, therefore will I seek her out.

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. Amadine, how like you Bremo and his woods?

Ama. As like the woods of Bremoes, crucie; though I were dumb and could not answet him, the beasts themselves would with relenting tears bewail thy savage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My love why dost thou murmur to thy self? Speak louder, for thy Bremo heares thee not.

Ama. My Bremo, no, the Shepherd is my Love.

Bre. Have I not sav'd thee from sudden death? Given thee leave to live that thou mightest folde, And dost thou whet me on to enselde? Come kiss me (sweet) for all my favours past.

Ama. I may not Bremo, therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how she flies away from me, I will follow and give atend to her. Denie my Love? A worm of Beaultie, I will chastele thee, come, come, prepare thy head upon the block.

Ama. O spare me Bremo, love should limit life. Not to be made a murtherer of himself? If thou wil glut thy loving heart with bloody.

Encounter with the Lion or the Bear, And like a Wolf, prey not upon a Lamb.

Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me? If thou wilt love me, then shall be my Queen, Ile drown thee with a chaper made of Ivory, And make the Rose and Lilly wait on thee, Ile rend the burley branches from the Oak, To shadow thee from burning Sun, The Trees shall spread themselves where thou dost go, And as they spread, Ile trace along with them.

Ama. You may, for who bar you? thou art not I.

Bre. Thou shal be fed with Quails and Partridges, With Black-birds, Larks, Thrushes, and Nightingales, Thy drink shal be goats-milk, and Chrystall water, Distilling from the Bounties and the clearest Springs.

The Country of Mucedorus

And all the dights that the woods afford,
Ile freely give thee to obtain thy love.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. The day Ile spend to create my love,
With all the pleasure that I can devise,
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And lovingly embrace thee in my arms.

Ama. One may, so may not you; for you will thee,

Bre. The Satyrs and the wood-Nymphs shall attend on
And lull thee asleep with musick sound,
And in the morning when shoudestiswake,
The Lark shall sing good morrow to me.

Ama. And whilst he sings Ie kisshis minco Amadine.

Bre. You may, for who but you?

Bre. When shouake up, the wood-vales shall be strewed
With violets, Cowslips, and sweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to treadispon: g bne wellofliw
And I will teach thee how to kill the Dame
To chace the Hart, and how to rouze the Roegy
If thou wilt live to love and honour me.

Ama. You may not be but you are.

Bre. Welcome art thou, and when I shal be off.

Bre. Welcome art thou, and when I shal be off.
Be merry wench, weel have a fridick feast,
Here's flesh enough for to suffice us both,
Say sirrah, wile thou fight, or dost thou meah to die?

Muce. I want a swerd, how haft I fight?

Bre. Thou wanisst whaphe, wile thou yieldis to die?

Muce. I say not so, I do not yield to die.

Bre. Thou shalt not chuse, I long to see thee dead.

Ama. Yet spare him Brewe spate him, no I shal not.

Bre. Away, I say I will not spate him.

Muce. Yet give me leaue to speake.

Bre. Thou shalt not speake.

Ama. Yet give me leaue to speake for my sake.

Bre. Speak on, but be not over-long.

Muce. I promise off you, when men-like bruitish beasts

Did lead their dives in loathsome Cells and Woods,

And

The Comedy of Mucedorus

And wholly gave themselves to wilts. *Enter* *Bre.*
A rude unruyl rout, then man to man became
A present prey; then might prevailed, *Enter* *Bre.*
The weakest went to walk; *Enter* *Bre.*
Right was unknown, for wrong was all in all; *Enter* *Bre.*
As men thus lived in their great outrage, *Enter* *Bre.*
Behold one *Orpheus* came, *Enter* *Bre.*
And them from rudeness unto reason brought, *Enter* *Bre.*
Who led by reason soon forsook the woods, *Enter* *Bre.*
In stead of caves they built them castles strong, *Enter* *Bre.*
Cities and Towns were founded by them, *Enter* *Bre.*
Glad were they, they found such easie, *Enter* *Bre.*
And in the end they grew to perfect *Amic.* *Enter* *Bre.*
Weighing their former wickedness, *Enter* *Bre.*
They learn'd the time wherein they lived then, *Enter* *Bre.*
A golden age, a good golden age, *Enter* *Bre.*
New *Breno* (for so heard I thee call'd) *Enter* *Bre.*
If men which lived before as thou dost now, *Enter* *Bre.*
Wild in woods, addicted all to spoyle, *Enter* *Bre.*
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* means, *Enter* *Bre.*
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cause those to return, *Enter* *Bre.*
From murther, blood-shed, and like cruelties, *Enter* *Bre.*
What shold we fight before we have a friend, *Enter* *Bre.*
Nostrers live and love together faithfully, *Enter* *Bre.*
Ile fight for thee, *Enter* *Bre.*

Bre. Right for me, or die: or fight or else thou diest.

Ama. Hold *Breno*, hold, I will be

Bre. Away I say, thou troublest me: *Enter* *Bre.*

Ama. You promised me to make me Queen, *Enter* *Bre.*

Bre. I did, I mean no less, *Enter* *Bre.*

Ama. You promised that I should have my will, *Enter* *Bre.*

Bre. I did, I mean no less, *Enter* *Bre.*

Ama. Then save the Hermite life, for he may save us both, *Enter* *Bre.*

Bre. At thy request Ile save him, but never any after him, *Enter* *Bre.*

Say Hermite, what canst thou do?

Muce. He wait on thee, sometime upon thy Queen, *Enter* *Bre.*

Such service shalt thou shortly have as *Breno* never had, *Enter* *Bre.*

The Comedy of Mucedorss.

Enter Segast, a thin Clown, and Ruybelot, a plodw ba A
Segast. Come sirs, what shall I never have you find out A
madine and the Shepherd. I have been in the woods; young in doing A
Clow. I have been thorow the woods, and thorow the woods,
and could see nothing but an Emmer. not in wch there is (one)

Rum. Why I see a thousand Emmets; thou cleanest a little
Clow. Nay, that Emmet that I saw was bigger then thou art.
Rum. Bigger, then I? what a fool have you to your man?
I pray you Master turn him away.
Segast. But dost thou hear, was he not a man fit to be a
Clow. I think he was, for he laid he did lead a salt-sellers life
round about the wood.
Seg. Thou wouldst say a solitarie life about the wood.
Clow. I think it was indeed.
Rum. I thought what a fool thou art.
Clow. Thou art a wise man; why he did nothing but sleep
since he went.

*Seg. But tell me Monsieur, how did he go ? bœuf rôti, nemur
Clo. In a white Gown, and a white hat on his head, bibi N
And a staff in his hand. am voulz O yellow ve green bœuf rôti*

Seg. I thought so, he was an Hermite, that walked a solitary life in the woods; and still doth bush bold, and such like. Well, get you to dinner, and after never leave looking till you bring some news of them, or I'll hang you both. *Exit.*

Clow. How now Rumbelo, what shall we do now?

Rum. Faith He wth m^o dinner, and afterwards to sleep.

CLOW Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Russ. Faith I care not, for I know I shall never find them: Well, I'll once more abroad; and if I cannot find them, I'll never come home again.

Rams. Content, lets away to dinner. It is good. *Examen.*

Enter *Macedorus solus*.

*Muce. Unknown to any here within these woods,
With bloody Browne do I lead my life; and shall never find
The Monster he doth murder all he meets,*

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

He spareth none, and none doth him escape's
Who would continue, who but onely I,
In such a cruel cut-throats company?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuse
Ah silly soul, how oftentimes she sirs,
And sighs, and calls, Come Shepherd, come
Sweet *Mucedorus* come set me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peasant) stands her by
But here she comes: What news fair Lady,
As you walk these woods?

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but bad
And such as thou knowest.

Muce. How do you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muce. And why not yours? methinks he loves you well.

Ama. I like not him, his love to me is nothing worth.

Muce. Lady, in this methinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that ever loves you best.

Ama. Ah Hermite, I take no pleasure in his love,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me best.

Muce. Pardon my boldness, fair Lady, such we both
May safely talk now out of *Bremo's* sight, or find all
Unfold to me, if you please, the full discourse,
How, when, and why you came into these woods,
And fell into this bloody butchers hand.

Ama. Hermite I wil: Of late a worthy Shepherd I did have.

Muce. A Shepherd (Lady) sure a man unfit to match with

Ama. Hermite, this is true: and when we had — (you.

Muce. Stay there, the wild man comes, refer the rest until another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What secret tale is this? what whispering have we here?
Villain, I charge thee tell thy tale again.

Muce. If needs I must, to her it is again.
When as we both had lost the sight of thee,
It griev'd us both, but specially thy Queen,
Who in thy absence evers feiste the worst,
Lest some mischance befall your Royal Grace.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Shall my sweet Brede wander through the wood,
Toil to and fro, for to redress my want, and no blade of
Hazard his life, and all to cherish me?
I like not this quoth she And I also wondred what she did.
And thereupon crave to know of me
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My answer was, I had small skill therein,
But gladsome (mighty King) to learn of thee;
And this was all.

Bre. Wark so none can mislike of this;
Ile teach you both to fight, but first my Queen begin.
Here take this weapon, see how thou canst use it.

Ama. This is too big, I cannot wield it in mine arm.
Bre. Is't so? well I have a knotty Crab-tree staff for thee;
But furnish, tell me, what weight?
Muce. With all my heart I willing am to learn.
Bre. Then take my staff and see how thou canst wield it.
Muce. First teach me to how hold it in mine hand,
Bre. Thou holdest it well; look how he doth,
Thou mayest the sooner learn.

Muce. Drest tell how, and when 'tis best to strike.
Bre. 'Tis best to strike when time doth serve,
Tis best to lose no time.

Muce. Then now or never it is time to strike.
Bre. And when thou strikest, be sure to hit the head.
Advice! The head? How I see it hit him.
Bre. The very head.
Muce. Then have at thine. He strikes him down dead.
So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to desert,
Or else a worse, as thou deservest worse.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to see.
Muce. Now lady it remains in you
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight.
You said you loved a Shepherd,

Ama. I, so I do, and none but only him should be my love,
And will do still as long as life shall last.

Muce. But tell me lady, 'tis I set you free,
What

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

What course of life do you intend to take now ?

Ama. I will disguised wander thorow the world,
Till I have found him out.

Muce. How if you find your Shepherd in these woods ?

Ama. Ah ! none so happy then as *Amadine*.

He discloseth himself.

Muce. In tract of time a man may alter much,

Say Lady, do you know your Shepherd well ?

Ama. My *Mucedorus*, hath he set me free ?

Muce. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liv'd so long unknown to *Amadine* ?

Muce. Ay that's a question whereof you may not be re-
You know that I am banisht from the Court, (solyed :
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape unknown,
Therefore my will is this, that we return,
Right thorow the thickets to the wild mans Cave,
And there a while live on his provision,
Untill the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my councel, and I like it best.

Ama. I think the very same.

Muce. Come let's be gone.

The Clown searcheth, and falls over the wild man,
and so carries him away.

Clow. Nay soſe fir, are you here ? abots on you
I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you :
We would borrow a certain stray Kings daughter of you,
A wench, a wench fir, we would have.

Muce. A wench of me ? Ile make thee eat my sword.

Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are so huffy, Ile call a cooling-
card for you : O Master, Master, come away quickly.

Enter Segaf.

Segaf. What's the matter ?

Clow. Look, *Amadine* and the Shepherd. O brave.

Seg. What minion, have I found you out ?

Clow. Nay that's a lye, I found her out my self.

Seg. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadſt thou
To gad abroad ?

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nigh?
Ama. Not so Segafte, no such thing in hand: I have
Shew your assurance, then Ile answer you.
Segafte. Thy fathers promise my assurance is.
Ama. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.
Segafte. It rests in thee for to perform the same.
Ama. Not I.
Segafte. And why?
Ama. So is my will, and therefore even so.
Clow. Master with a none, none so.
Segafte. Ah wicked villain, art thou here?
Muce. What need these words? weigh them not.
Segafte. We weigh them not, proud Shepherd I scorn thy
Clow. Weel not have a corner of thy compaoy (company).
Muce. I scorn not thee, nor yet the least of thine.
Clo. That's a lie, a would have kild me with his pugs-nandos.
Segafte. This stourne is Amadine contents me not.
Ama. Then seek another that may you better please.
Muce. Well Amadine it only rests in thee,
Without delay to make thy choise of three:
There stands Segafte, a second here,
There stands the third: now make thy choice.
Clow. A Lord at the least I am.
Ama. My choice is made, for I will none but thee.
Segafte. A worthy mate (no doubt) for such a wife.
Muce. And Amadine, why wile thou none but me?
I cannot keep thee as thy father did,
I have no Lands for to maintain thy state:
Moreover, if thou mean to be my wife,
Commonly this must be thy use,
To bed at midnight, up at four,
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our daily victuall for to win,
And last of all, which is the worst of all,
No Princess then, but a plain Shepherds wife.
Clow. Then God gee you good marrow goody Shepherd.
Ama. It shall not need if Amadine do live,
Thou shalt be crowned King of Aragon.
Clow.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Clow. O Master laugh, when he is a King, He be a Queen.

Muc. Then know that which neretofore was known:

I am no Shepherd, no Aragonion I,
But born of Royal blood: my Father's of Valentia King,
My Mother Queen; who for thy sacred sake
Took this hard task in hand.

Ama. Ah how I joy my fortune is so good.

Segaf. Well now I see Segafio shall not speed,
But Mucedorus, I as much do joy
To see thee here within our Court of Aragon,
As if a kingdom had beslain me this time;
I with my heart surrender her to thee.

He gives her to him.

And look what Right to Amadine I have.

Clow. What barns door, and born where my Father was
Constable? a bote on thee, how doft thou?

Muc. Thanks Segafio, but you leveld at the Crown.

Clow. Master, bear this and bear all.

Segaf. Why so firrah?

Clow. He saies you take a goose by the Crown.

Segaf. Go too firrah; away, post you to the King,
Whose heart is fraught with careful doubts,
Glad him up, and tell him these good news,
And we will follow as fast as we may.

Clow. I go Master, I run Master. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Break heart, and end my pallid woes,
My Amadine, the comfort of my life;
How can I joy except she were in sight?
Her absence breeds great sorrow to my soul,
And with a thunder breaks my heart in twain.

Collin. Forbear those passions gentle King,
And you shall see twill turn unto the best
And bring your soul to quiet and to joy.

King. Such joy as death, I do assure me that,
And nought but death, except of her I hear,
And that with speed, I cannot figh thus long;
But what a tumult do I hear within?

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

They cry within, joy and happiness.
Collin, hear a noise of over passing joy
Within the Court : my Lord be of good comfort,
And here comes one to hasten you : bould knyght

Enter the Clow running.

Clow. A King, a King.

Col. Why how now Sirrah, what's the matter?

Clow. O'tis news for a King, we worth a mony.

King. Why Sirrah, thou shal haue silver and gold if it be.

Clow. O'tis good, 'tis good. Amadine. (good)

King. O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a knyght.

Clow. How a Spright, no by Ladie, I will not be a Spright.

Master get you away, if I be a Spright, I shall be so lean

I shall make you all afraid.

Col. Then Sir Ihes King meane to make these Gentlemen.

Clow. Why I shall want purrell.

King. Thou shal want for nothing.

Clow. Then stand away, strike up thy self, here they come.

Enter Segast, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy disloyall daughter.

King. What, do mine eyes behold my daughter Amadine?

Rise up daughter, and let these embrasing arms

Shew some token of thy Fathers joy,

Which ever since thy departure hath languished in sorrow.

Ama. Dear Father, never were yond sorrows

Greater than my griefs.

Never you so desolate as I comfortless.

Yet nevertheless knowing my self

To be the cause of both, on bended knees

I humbly crave your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee (dear daughter) but as for him.

Ama. Ay Father, what of him?

King. As sure as I am King, and wear the Crown,

Ile be reveng'd on that accuried wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, work not thy will in wrath, knew

King. I, such favour as thou deservest. (favour)

Muc. I do deserve the daughter of a King.

King. Oh impudent! A Shepherd and so insolent.

Muc.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Muc. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.

King. In fair conceit, not princely born.

Muc. Yes princely born, my Father is a King,
My Mother a Queen, and of Valencia both.

King. What Mucedorus, welcome to our Court,
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguised?

Muc. No cause to fear, I caused no offence;
But this, desiring thy daughters vertues for to see,

Disguis'd my self from out my Fathers Court,

Unknown to any in secret I did rest,

And passed many troubles near to death,

So hath your daughter my parakeet been,

As you shall know hereafter more at large;

Desiring you, you will give her to me,

Even as mine own, and Sovereign of my life,

Then shall I think my travails all well spent.

King. With all my heart, but this,

Segaf. claims my promise made before,

That he should have her as his only Wife,

Before my Council when he came from war.

Segaf. may I have thee let it pass,

And give *Ama* as Wife to *Mucedorus*?

Segaf. With all my heart, were it a far greater thing,

And what I may to furnish up their Nies,

With pleasure sports and pastimes you shall see.

King. Thanks good Segaf, I will think of this.

Muc. Thanks good my Lord, and whilish I

Account of me in what I can or may.

Ama. Good Segaf, their great courtesie,

Shall not be forgot.

Clow. Why hark you Maffer, bones what have you done?
What, given away the wench you made me take, such a thing for?
You are wise indeed? Maffer and I had known of that, I
would have had her my self: faith Maffer now we may go to a
breakfast with a woodcock pie.

Segaf. Go too sirrah, you were best to leave this knavery.

King. Come on my Lords, lets now to Court,
Where we may finish up the joyfulllest day.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

That ever hapt to a distressed King;
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knot.

A shout within: Enter Messenger.

What shout was that?

Mes. My Lord the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriv'd intreats your presence.

Muc. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcome give him entertainment;
A happier Planet never reign'd then that
Which governs at this hour.

Sound. Enter the King of *Valentia*, *Anselmo*, *Roderigo*, *Brachius*, with
others; The King runs and embraces his Son.

King Val. Rise honour of my age, food to my rest;
Condemn not (mighty King of *Argan*)
My rude behaviour, so compell'd by nature,
That manners stood unacknowledged.

King Ara. What we have to recite world tedious prove
By declaration, therefore in and seal'd,
To morrow the performance shall explain
What words conceal: till then Drums speak, Bells ring,
Give plausive welcome to our brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. *Enter omnes.*

Enter Comedy and Envy.

Com. How now *Envy*, what blushest thou already?
Peep forth, hide not thy head with shame;
But with courage praise a woman's deeds;
Thy threats were vain, thou could'st do me no hurt,
Although thou seem'd'st to cross me with despight,
I overwhelm'd and turn'd upside down thy blocks,
And made thy self to stumble at the same.

Envy. Though stumbled, yet not over-thrown,
Thou canst not draw my head to mildness:
Yet must I needs confess thou hast done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glee:
Say all this; yet canst thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou hast got,
Yet not the conquest neither.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

A double revenge another time Ile have.

Com. Envy spit thy gall ;
Plot, work, contrive, create new fallacies,
Teem from thy womb each minute a black Traitor,
Whose blood and thoughts have twins conception :
Study to act deeds yet unchronicled,
Cast native monsters in the moulds of men ;
Caste vicious devils under sancted robes ;
Vnhasp the wicket where all perjuries roost,
And swarm this ball with treasons, do thy worst,
Thou canst not (hell-hound) cross my stear too nigh,
Nor blinde that glory where I wish delight.

Env. I can, I will.

Com. Nefarious Hag begin,
And let us tugg till one the mastery win.

Env. Comedy, thou art a shallow Goose,
Ile overthrow thee in thine own intent,
And make thy fall my Comick merriment.

Com. Thy policy wants gravity, thou art too weak ;
Speak friend, as how ?

Env. Why thus,
From my foul study will I hoist a wretch,
A lean and hungry meager Canibal,
Whose jaws swell to his eyes with chewing malice ;
And him Ile make a Poet.

Com. Whats that to the purpose ?

Env. This scrambling Raven with his needy beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy,
Wherein shall be compos'd dark sentences,
Pleasing to factious brains ;
And every otherwhere place me a Iest,
Whose high abuse shall more torment then blows.
Then I my self (quicker then lightning)
Will flye me to the puissant Magistrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his back,
In midst of jollity rehearse those gauls
(With some additions) so lately vented in your Theater ;
He on this cannot but make complaint

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

To our great danger, or at least restraint.

Com. Ha, ha, I laugh to hear thy folly: This is a trap for boys, not men, nor such Especially deceitful in their doings, Whose said discretion rules their purposes: I and my faction do eschew those vices: But see, O see, the weary Sun for rest, Hath lain his golden compas to the West, Where he perpetual bide, and ever shine, As Davids off-spring in his happy Climate. Stoop Envy, stoop, bow to the earth with me, Lets beg our pardon on our bended knee.

Envy. My power hath lost her might, Envys date's expired. And I amazed am.

Com. Glorious and wise art thou on this earth, At whose appearance Envy is stricken dumb, And all bad things cease operation: Vouchsafe to pardon our unwilling error, So late presented to your gracious view, And weel endeavour with excels of pain, To please your senses in a choicer strain. Thus we commit you to the arms of night, Whose spangled carkass would for your delight, Strive to excell the day: be blessed then, Who other wishes, let him never speak.

Envy. Amen. To Fame and Honour we command your rest, Live still more happy, every hour more blest.

FINIS.